THE LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

No. 32.—Vol. II. Saturday, August 9, 1845. {Price 1*d.* or, Stamped, 2*d.*

Ad majorem Dei Deiparæque gloriam

THE ANGEL OF CONSOLATION.

BY CANON SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

MISERY OF A FAMILY CAUSED BY THE MISCONDUCT OF A FATHER.

The hamlet of Beauval was poor. The cottage of Roger was one of the most wretched, and the interior of it, particularly, exposed its exceeding misery. A broken table and two stools were the only moveables to be seen there. Two young children, clothed in rags, eat with avidity a morsel of black bread, which formed their daily food. The wife of Roger appeared about the age of forty; but her altered features, the paleness of her cheek, and the languor of her eye, bespoke that misfortune had brought on her old age, rather than length of years; but the union of sensibility and resignation, diffused over her countenance, showed that this unhappy woman was a true Christian. She turned untiringly her spinning-wheel, striving by her little gains to provide bread for her family. In an obscure corner was seated an infirm old woman: she was the mother-in-law of Roger. For a long time a prey to affliction, exposed to the most bitter privations, and to the bad treatment of a brutal son-in-law, Margaret had lost that character of sweetness and patience, which she had inspired in her daughter. Misfortune had rendered her ill-tempered and peevish, and it required all the virtue of the good Angelica to prevent her from falling into despair. The widow of a penniless soldier, she had at first supported adversity with resignation: but the heinous conduct of Roger had, as it were, ulcerated her heart, and she would not pardon his excesses. She had been confined for a long time to her pallet of straw, deprived almost of the necessaries of life, when she, at length, received some alleviation of her sorrows.

A generous and compassionate lady had come to reside for some time at Beauval. Madame Marcet (for this was her name,) no sooner heard of the misery of Roger's family, than she hastened to assist it. She commenced her charity with the sick old woman, and a comfortable bed soon occupied the place of the bundle of straw.

Those who live at their ease, and whose lot it has been never to experience the miseries of privation, can never conceive what sweet consolations a charity procures for the wretched. Old Margaret had been so long deprived of all the comforts of life, that even the possession of a bed seemed to have entirely rescued her from her misery. A few hours of repose and quiet almost made her forget her past sufferings. She melted into tears at the thought of her dear benefactress. The promises which the good lady had made to come and visit her frequently to comfort and relieve her, were ever before her mind.

"Could I have expected," said she to her daughter, "to see my latter days thus sweetened—I, who persuaded myself, that I was permitted to live only for lamentation and suffering? Could I ever have anticipated another happy moment!"—"Heaven, mother, does not wish to try us beyond our strength; and at the moment when all seemed lost for us, it has sent a protecting angel to console and succour us."—"Yes, thou hast good reason to speak thus: it is Madame Marcet to whom we owe all. Without her what would have become of us? Almost without bread and a habitation, nothing was left for us but to perish in misery."—"How happy are we in having never lost our trust in Providence! How true is that saying, that we never ask in vain! Ah, I have yet one very great favour to ask Almighty God: it is that he would deign to touch the heart of Roger."—"Speak not of him to me; he is the cause of all our evils."—"Mother, accuse him not; he is my husband."—"There is our greatest misfortune; and I shall reproach myself all my life with having been so blind as to desire such a union."—"Remember, mother, the sad state we were in at the death of our father. We lost every thing with him; his pension was withdrawn; those whom we had flattered ourselves to be friends, at first raised complaints, then abandoned us."—"Oh! I then learnt the nature of man. He is a friend only through interest, and he flies on the first appearance of misfortune. This it was that induced me to come and bury myself in this poor village, with you, my good Angelica, and the little that remained to us."—"You remember, mother, that, despite all our economy, we could with difficulty support ourselves. Then did you make me acquainted with Roger. He was fixed in life, had a beautiful farm, and appeared to conduct himself well."—"This it was which dazzled me. I flattered myself that I had rendered you happy; but my hopes were not of long continuance. His farm, the little I

myself possessed, all was soon lost by the misconduct and negligence of Roger."—"Bad company has brought him to this pass."—"Ought he not to have avoided it? Once for all, I say, speak not to me of him; his presence, his very name, are a torture to me. I tremble the instant he returns; and, had it not been for you and your children, I had long since preferred to have died of hunger, and abandoned by all, rather than have sought my bread or an asylum in the cottage of Roger."

Angelica wept. Her tears and her prayers were her only resource. She knew how deeply culpable Roger was, and how painful it must be for her aged mother to support his ravings and his outrages; but Roger was her husband, the father of her four children. Heaven had united her lot with his, and, notwithstanding all his defects, she ought to love him.

The interest which Madame Marcet testified for this poor family, opened for Angelica a glimmer of hope. Already Margaret was comforted; and fresh favours would not be slow in following. Perhaps the kindness of the generous lady would produce some effect upon her husband, whose heart nothing, so far, had been able to soften. Will religion enter his breast? Will he submit to Almighty God? Will he learn to pray—to respect old age—to give good example to his children? Yes; he will, no doubt, explain his unhappy state to this lady, who appears so indulgent: he will lay open his heart, he will tell her all his troubles; he will thereby call forth her zeal and her piety, and perhaps Heaven will make use of her to restore peace to a desolate family.

Whilst Angelica (ever confiding in Providence) thus conjured up scenes of happiness, her little Annette (scarcely ten years old) returned from her work. Although of so tender an age, Annette went every day to a neighbouring farm, where her little services were repaid by her food and a few pence. To-day she had received her salary for the week. Elated and happy in being able to offer her mother the fruits of her labour, she threw her arms round the neck of Angelica, and then, sounding her little pieces of money, she placed them upon her parent's knees.

Evening approached; and the eldest of the poor family, little James, was not yet returned. The mother could not account for his delay, and felt some little uneasiness. The hour for prayer arrived, and this it was necessary to finish before Roger's return, who, not satisfied with neglecting to serve God himself, would not see him served and adored by others. "Let us commence our prayers," said old Margaret, "before we have finished my little Jimmy will return." With these words, she placed herself in her bed in the most respectful position her sad state would allow, and she made the sign of the cross. Angelica knelt down, holding before her her two youngest children: Annette placed herself beside her mother, and in pure and innocent accents she commenced that touching prayer, whose first words are the sweetest consolation of the afflicted: "Our Father, who art in Heaven," &c.

CHAPTER II.

ADVANTAGES OF HAVING TRIALS IN THIS LIFE.

Whilst the poor family thus sent forth the incense of its prayers even to the throne of the Most High, and asked new strength to support the evils of life, little James was speaking with Madame Marcet, and that was the cause of his delay.

Madame Marcet was a lady of about thirty-six years of age, of a respectable family, and blessed with the gifts of nature and fortune. She married, whilst yet very young, Mr. Marcet, who held an important office under government. The young lady had received a careful and Christian education: but (so difficult is it to secure ourselves against the seductions of the world—so seldom is it that the world does not charm us, when we have all that is needed to charm;) Madame Marcet could not resist its deceitful invitations. She did not give herself to any shameful excesses; but she allowed herself to be dazzled by the vain impostures, and ruled by a taste for the show, the vanities, and the pleasures of the age.

Meanwhile, her family increased; and, at the birth of every child, Madame Marcet felt the desire of living in a manner more worthy of a Christian revive in her breast. She formed good resolutions, but she soon forgot them, and hurried herself anew into the vortex of her frivolous amusements. It required adversity to undeceive this soul, so infatuated with the false joys of the world. She had shortly to support this: nor was she slow to appreciate how unstable is happiness here below.

Two sons, who formed her pride and her hope, were carried off from her by a short and cruel distemper. So melancholy a loss cast her into a state of dejection, bordering on despair. What are the world and all its pompous entertainments for a soul in affliction? How deceitful are these friends, who appear so attached to us while they can share our pleasures and diversions; but who return us in our sorrows only the cold visits of civility—the empty, feelingless phrases of society. Madame Marcet then felt very deeply the vanity of every human consolation; and after having for some time manifested all the signs of even delirious affliction, she cast her eyes towards Heaven.

But she had to experience a second stroke, no less violent than the former. Since the death of his two sons, her husband had become dull, gloomy, and vexatious. His state grew daily more alarming, and settled in a mortal languor. Madame Marcet, who had learnt to seek her support in religion, would herself attend her spouse. She was his nurse; nor night nor day did she quit his side. But the sacrifice *must* be consummated; and Mr. Marcet died in the flower of his age, leaving a widow only thirty-five, and a daughter only sixteen years of age.

It was then that the young widow, impressed with the vanity of the world, took the resolution of quitting the capital; and chose, as her place of retire-

ment, a domain (sufficiently extensive for her) which she possessed in the poor hamlet of Beauval. She recalled her daughter Virginia from convent, and quitted without regret her brilliant halls, which appeared to her eyes only as a melancholy desert.

It is in wiping away the tears of the wretched that we learn to console ourselves in our own misfortunes. Thus, Madame Marcet, from the moment of of her arrival in Beauval, commenced her work of charity. She wished to know the poor of the village; and the family of Roger was pointed out to her among the first. She had already sent assistance, and she purposed frequently to continue her visits. She was much pleased with the appearance of Angelica; and without knowing perfectly her trials, nor yet the patience of this virtuous woman, she felt herself compelled to esteem her, and to use every means of sweetening her bitter cup.

Every day since her arrival, Madame Marcet took a walk through the hamlet, desiring to make acquaintance with the inhabitants; and already every one revered and loved her—already her name was blest by every tongue. Her daughter Virginia had conceived amongst the respected ladies, to whom her early education had been entrusted, a great attachment to religion, and a tender and solid piety. It was for her a true feast—a pleasure ever new—to accompany her mother on visits of charity. To-day a slight indisposition retained her daughter in the house; and Madame Marcet was returning home alone, when she met little James running at full speed.

"You are then in a great hurry, my little friend," she said to him, with a smile. James stops immediately: he knows it is the good lady who has given the bed to his grandmother, and he makes the best bow he is able.

"I am in a hurry to get home," he replies, as he approaches her, "because my mother wishes me always to return in good time."

"But where are you coming from?"

"From below there—Grandprè's farm; I go to work there every day."

"What? and so young?"

"Not so young, my good lady, for I am twelve years old. I am happy that I can bring home a few pence; for if I had not, we should long ago have perished from hunger."

"What does your mother do, then?"

"My mother?—She is always crying."

"Is she, then, very unhappy?"

"Ah, Madame, if you knew—and she is so good."

"Your father—cannot he work?"

"My father," said little James, with a sigh, and the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Poor child, I am afflicting you—you have a father no longer. You have lost him: alas! I also had sons like you, my boy, I had a husband too. Great God! you have taken them all away from me; vouchsafe me the favour of resignation to your holy will."

"My good lady, father is not dead—he is Roger."

"Roger, who lives below, in that poor cottage?—But I have not yet seen him. Where is he? What does he do?"

"It is he who makes my mother cry."

Madame Marcet was much affected. The tone, the candour, the simplicity of little James caused in her the most lively emotions. She wished him to enter her house, that she might gather some information as to the state of his parents; but James remarked to her that he was late, and that his mother had very particularly enjoined him to return in good time.

"You are right, my little friend; and to prevent your being reprimanded, I intend to accompany you home."

They then walked together towards the cottage; and, on the way, James gave to Madame Marcet an account of the lamentable state to which the family was reduced.

(To be continued.)

It is surely a comfort unspeakable, amidst our present moral desolation, to think there are yet left a few of those, whose hearts are with

Times gone by, when England less pursued
The lust of wealth.

* * *

When higher held the Church her holy days,
And mixed with comely feasts her prayers and praise,
As sacred saints or martyrs reverend name,
Our blest ensamples, still returning came.

* * * * *

Then every season lifted up her voice
Turned the glad eye to heaven, and bade rejoice;
Kept living in our hearts those names, which told
Of souls confirmed in faith, in suffering bold;
Deep in self searching,—true in prayer and strong,—
Patterns of grace to lead the world along.

* * * * *

Blest are the lessons of our country homes,
And happiest he, who oftenest thither comes;
Who loves to tread the vales his fathers trod,
And where they rest, still hopes to rest in God!
There many an old hereditary name,
There burnished bearings of ancestral fame,—
Beam through the mists, which ancient days have spread,
And speak unto the heart! These raise the dead.
And whether shades departed truly come,
These waken thoughts and voices from the tomb;
Mute, but they have a language—not a stone
In quaint device is idle or alone.
Back from departed times each sculpture brings
Saints rich in prayer, or old historic kings;
Tells how some champion, nurst within the hall
Strong in his upright cause, feared not to fall;
Or donor, from the wealth which God had given,
Endowed mankind with offerings to heaven.

Chavenage.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

"Corpora sanctorum in puce sepulta sunt: et vivent nomina eorum in aeternum."

It was a calm sweet evening in the "merrie monthe" of May, such as is ever wont to warm the heart and create in the soul of an Englishman that mingled sensation of pride and love of country not to be felt at such an hour by the inhabitants of sunnier climes than his. A slight tinge of green was spread over the budding hedgerows, and already the bright primrose and pale anemone shone like jewels in the deep emerald of the mossy banks. Sprightly birds chirping their merry notes hopped from spray to spray, and occasionally there might be heard the long deep lowing of the cattle, or the barking of the watch dog from some distant grange, which shot its gables, with their quaintly carved bargeboards, high amidst the surrounding elms. Far off might be seen a tall spire with its gilded vane glittering in the rays of the setting sun, or the more humble turret of the village church with its blessed bell, which but a few short months ago had summoned at its call the Lord and the Tenant to kneel together at the Holy Mass; but now, alas! assembled those, who having thrown aside the old religion, eagerly listened to all that would be there said, whether in disproof or in ridicule, of "this ancient sacrifice." Yes, the time of which we now write was that sad period when this unfortunate land had left the fair faith of her forefathers, insuring to its fervent adherents earthly consolation and eternal joys, to adopt the cold, comfortless, wavering, and forbidden creed of a "church apart."

It was on the evening we have just described, and when England was still thirsting for the blood of the steadfast members of her ancient church, that a couple of travellers, mounted on serviceable but travel-worn steeds, rode down an unfrequented lane, which winding along the side of a hill through green meadows and still greener fields of growing corn, commanded an extensive prospect of the valley beneath. They wore large Spanish riding cloaks and slouched hats, and their beards and hair were trimmed to meet the fashion of the day. They were both of them, to all appearances, men of middle age, robust, and healthy, and although devoid of every superfluity of dress, the grace and mildness of their bearing towards each other bespoke them men, if not of high family, at least of liberal education. For some time they rode on in silence, continually looking on either side of the road and before them, as if they feared some ambuscade, and frequently raising themselves in their stirrups to obtain a fuller view of the adjacent country. At length one, who might have been the younger of the two, broke silence and exclaimed, "God of mercy, shield that such a fair land as this should be held by the spoilers of Holy Church! and yet," he added, "it is so. Oh Jesus, aid us, that we may undo this foul deed."—"Marry and Amen!" rejoined his companion; "here in good sooth is wide scope to sow the blessed seed. May God prosper our undertaking! with his aid we will fight the good fight even unto death."—"Good, my dear brother; right willingly with God's high grace will we strive, and I doubt not but that if we conduct ourselves as soldiers of Jesus he will grant us the most costly and heavenly reward of the martyr's crown, at the completion of this campaign upon which we are incontinently about to enter."—"God grant us success and strength, and courage to boot," returned the other. "It is a hard warfare to endure, but God is our shield! It was but this very morning he delivered us from the bloody hands of those unhappy pursuivants; and who knows but that we may need the same deliverance this very eve, or else his grace to withstand the rack and chains on the morrow. But list ye, brother, we be nigh to the village, and it behoves us to hold our peace on these subjects. Mary, mother, be our speed!"—"Amen," rejoined his companion, in low but fervent tone, and thus the conversation ceased. Our readers will by this have learned that the travellers were Catholics, and moreover in orders, if not priests. They were in truth both of them priests, and had lately returned to England after banishment, to aid by their word and example the suffering members of the true Church, in spite of the cruel laws by which all such were driven from her shores. They had now entered the little village of ——, and rode to the ancient hostel which stood in its centre, with the straggling hawthorn bush growing before its arched doorway. Here they alighted, and having seen their tired horses safely disposed of in the stables, entered and seated themselves before the spacious fire-place in which blazed and crackled a huge faggot. A few of the village ancients were there, who bade them welcome, and made place for them, whilst the host prepared for them a most abundant meal. They had scarcely begun to partake of it when mine host began to expatiate on the comfort of his beds, but more especially on the excellence of his wines. The offer of the former was courteously refused, as they expressed their determination of passing the few hours they intended giving to repose before the fire; but a stoup of wine was ordered, and desiring their host and the others who were present to partake, the party closed round, and conversation soon began to flow. After various other topics, the present state of England and the religious persecution became the subject of conversation. The easy behaviour of the new comers soon caused all reserve to be thrown aside, and although they said little on a subject so deeply interesting to them, still their companions, warmed with the good wine, spoke their feelings openly and without restraint. They all agreed that the doctrine of the papists was damnable and heretical, but condemned the severity of the government, especially in regard to the clergy, whom they esteemed to be honest and harmless men. And these, in fact, were the opinions of the bulk of Englishmen at that period. "Truly," said Giles Goodman, for in that goodly name did the Landlord of the "Flaming Sword" rejoice, truly methinks that these papist priests are sorely misused. Were I seated where our much-loved Queen does now sit, I would not hang and quarter them by dozens, but I would banish them, and forbid them ever to set foot again on English ground; for mine own part I hold them as not deserving of such hard ways."—"So think I, neighbour Giles," responded one of the circle, even the church clerk, Humphrey Bell; "and had I all those blood-thirsty hounds here who scour the country, breaking into honest men's houses and insolently searching them for hidden recusants, I would hang them up even as they are wont to hang up the papists." At this moment the tramp of horses was heard outside. They paused before the hostel. The company within listened for a moment in suspense. At length a heavy blow fell upon the oaken gate. "They be impatient by reason of the late hour of the night," muttered the host, as he went to receive them. The company of villagers rose, wished a good night, and followed the host to the door. "Ye may take your rest, masters," said the host to the travellers; "I have another apartment for these new guests whoever they may be." The two priests, being now left alone, accordingly recommended themselves to God, lay down upon the oaken settles which stood around the fire, and begged He would bless their short repose. And their repose was to be short indeed—for scarcely had they laid themselves down when they were alarmed by the loudness of the voices they heard without, the bustling of men and horses which seemed to be going on in the yard, and which seemed so unlike the manner of tired and peaceful travellers. They crossed themselves, rose from the position in which they were, and eagerly listened, if possible, to catch something indicative of the character of the new comers. The noise began to subside, and they were again laying themselves down to rest when the door of their chamber was suddenly but cautiously opened, and the host, all breathless and in haste, addressed them—"Masters, masters, tell me, in God's holy name, an ye be priests; if so, fly, the constables be here, and if ye be taken we are all ruined. I have saddled your horses myself, and they be now standing ready for ye without. Mount and ride, for your dear lives, whilst the hunters are even now searching the lofts." The holy men heard the startling intelligence without displaying any alarm. They cast their cloaks about them, and throwing down upon the table a few silver coins, heartily thanked their host, and praying God to bless him, left the house. Their horses were in the yard to meet them.—"Are you mounted, Bernard," whispered the younger. "Yes," replied the other. "Lady, help them," and their horses sprang forward. As they went clattering through the echoing archway they were suddenly startled by a broad gleam of light, as if proceeding from a lantern across the road directly opposite to the gateway. Before they had time to rein-in their frighted steeds they were challenged by the loud voice of a man on foot, "Who be ye there? stand in the Queen's name."—"We be peaceful travellers, and charge ye in the Queen's name, whosoever ye be, to let us pass on." And so saying the priests struck the long rowels of their spurs into their horses'

flanks, and gallopped along the road opposite to that by which they had entered the village on the preceding evening. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards before they heard loud shouts proceeding from the hostel which they had just left, and which they rightly conjectured to proceed from their baffled pursuers. Knowing that they would be instantly followed, they dashed onwards until they came to a spot where the roads branched off into two others. Here they paused for an instant, and listened eagerly for any sound which might indicate pursuit. The night hitherto had been dark, but the moon now passed from behind a black curtain of clouds, and spread a calm silvery light upon the scene. The remnants of a mutilated cross stood at the extreme fork of the roads, and at its base, muffled in their cloaks, and mounted on their faithful steeds, motionless and in anxious silence, sat the hunted, persecuted servants of God. Oh! how many a bright angel stood around them at that moment, and that, too, with respect and reverenced for those priests of the Most High, whom men insulted and persecuted even to the death. For some time not a sound broke upon the silence of the night.—"It is even as you said, brother Bernard," said the younger, "we have again experienced the merciful aid of God. Whither shall we now wend? I do much fear to go again to Sir Walter Belmont; he hath suffered much already in our account, and I were unwilling to bring him into farther trouble. Let us rather make to Sir Marmaduke Ramsey. He will readily receive us: the river ——— may not now be farther than five miles from this, and his house is then only one mile distant."—Henry, God's benison be on ye. Ever have you shown yourself a wise and witty adviser: let us incontinently turn down this road which leadeth to the river, I know it well."—"Hark," cried Henry the younger priest! "be not that the tramp of horses?" A moment of the most anxious silence ensued, which was broken by the rapid galloping of horses which now began to be distinctly heard in the distance.—"Of a surety, Henry," cried Father Bernard, "they be coming; let's on under God's blessing and Mary's aid;" and the next moment they were spurring towards the ford of the river. The pursuers had now in their turn reached the old cross where the two roads branched off, and which the holy priests had not left more than ten minutes before. As they were at a loss which of the roads to take, they paused for a few moments; and as there were four of them, a pursuivant, and three zealous protestants, it was determined that they should separate, and that two of them should take one road and two the other. It happened that the pursuivant was one of the two who chose the road by which the priests had gone towards the river. The other road lead to the town of ——— Although the horses on which the priests rode had been somewhat refreshed by the short repose they had had in the stables of mine host, yet their long journey on the previous day had so fatigued them, that they soon began to show evident signs of exhaustion. For some time their riders kept them at a steady pace by dint of riding rod and spur, but these soon proved unavailing, and they at length permitted them to drop into a slow trot. After a quarter of an hour of this kind of riding they came within sight of the river, which they perceived to be rather swollen by the late rains of April. "Mary, refuge forefend," prayed father Bernard, "that the waters be not out so that our horses may not cross, for, and my ears deceive me not, our pursuers gain upon us." With this they again urged on their jaded steeds, and in a few minutes gained the edge of the ford. The river rolled its swift flood past them, eddying amongst the roots of the trees which overhung the waters on either bank. The moon was partially obscured, and the fugitives paused upon its brink and looked silently on each other. But there was now no time to be lost. They could plainly distinguish the shouts and threats of their pursuers, and recommending themselves to God, they began to cross the stream. For some yards the water was shallow, and the current was not very rapid, but when they had got about one third of the way over the stream grew stronger, and the waters rose to the horses' girths. At this critical moment the pursuivant with his companion arrived at the bank, and without pausing for an instant urged their steeds into the stream with a loud yell of triumph. "Haste ye, Bernard," cried father Henry, who was a few yards in advance of his companion. "Haste ye in God's name, or ye be taken!" But the tired horse of father Bernard was gradually yielding to the force of the current, and indeed so closely was he now followed, that the pursuivant made an attempt to seize the skirt of his cloak as it floated out on the stream. The holy man saw the attempt, and drew it round him as closely as he was able. "Fire!" shouted the enraged pursuivant to his companion, who had purposely loitered behind him in the shallow part of the river, "Fire! or he will escape me." The next moment father Bernard's horse with a loud and piercing scream plunged madly in the stream, wounded mortally by a bullet discharged from the harquebus of the assistant pursuer. Its master, entangled in the cumbrous stirrups, was carried along the stream with it. The pursuivant was also thrown from his saddle, so fearfully had his own horse plunged by reason of what it saw and heard. He could not swim, and as he rose, looked despairingly about for his victim. With some difficulty father Bernard disengaged his feet from the stirrups, and was endeavouring to cast off his cloak and swim to land, when he felt it clutched by the drowning grasp of the pursuivant, who had been carried down to him by the current. Upon this, he made an effort to burst the cord that fastened the cloak round his neck, and had just succeeded when his foe grasped his arm; drew his poignard, struck him in the left side, and with a yell of demoniacal triumph sunk with his victim, a murderer beneath the cold dark waters. A tinge of blood that discoloured the waters gave sad evidence that the blow had taken effect. During this deadly struggle which had occupied only a few moments, father Henry had gained the opposite bank, and the other pursuer seeing the imminent danger of his companion, had remained on the same side from which he had fired at the horse of father Bernard. Both of them now forgot the relation in which they stood to each other, so intent were they in watching the struggle which now appeared to be ended. But as they still gazed vacantly upon the spot where the murderer and his victim had sunk, the moon shone calmly out, and discovered, lower down the stream, the holy father Bernard feebly struggling with the waters. By a simultaneous impulse they rode along either bank to the spot opposite; but with what different feelings! The holy father Bernard looked towards the bank where his companion stood, but he saw it was vain to attempt to reach it. His life's blood was fast mingling with the current. He raised his eyes to Heaven, and ere he sank below the surface, a prayer for his persecutors reached the spectators. As was the prayer of Stephen the martyr, so also was this of father Bernard powerful before the throne of the Most High. For at the same instant that it fell on the ears of him who "was consenting to his death," it reached his heart. "He may yet be saved," cried his pursuer, and so saying tore off his cloak, hurled his harquebus into the stream, and leaping from his horse, plunged into the river, and reached father Bernard in time to grasp the collar of his doublet as he was sinking for the last time. Henry had beheld the scene, and with a heart overflowing with joy and thanksgiving for so wondrous a miracle of grace, cast himself also into the river, and by their united efforts bore the expiring martyr to the bank. The next instant the converted sinner was prostrate, bathed in tears before the dying man, who was supported in a sitting posture on the ground by father Henry. The pardon he craved was granted, and with a fervent blessing, and the sweet names of Jesu and Mary upon his lips, the martyr gave his pure soul into the hands of the "Queen of martyrs," and the "white-robed army," to be conducted in triumph to the foot of the throne of the Lamb.

A sweet and mysterious atmosphere seemed to encompass the happy actors of this scene. A pale beam from the moon fell through the leaves of the oak, beneath which the priest and the convert had laid the dead body, and lit up, as with a light from heaven, the mildly smiling features of the martyr. The river ran murmuring by, and some little birds disturbed in their resting-places by the noise of the fray, chirped gaily overhead, as if they offered themselves to be the guardian angels of that holy spot. A shallow and temporary grave was soon formed beneath the oak, and folded in father Henry's cloak, father Bernard was laid in it. With many a hymn of thanksgiving, and many a petition for his intercession, the sorrowing, yet gladsome companions, proceeded to the house in the neighbourhood before spoken of, related the occurrences of that memorable night, and in a few weeks the remains of the martyred servant of Christ, reposed beneath a costly monument in the private chapel of Sir Marmaduke Ramsey.

Laus Deo. G.

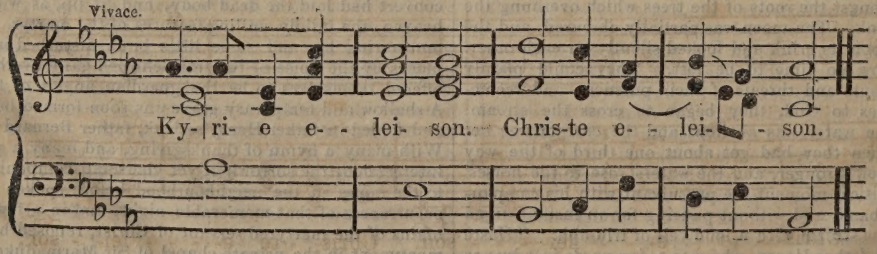
Do not wait till misfortune brings you to reason.

LITANY CHANTS.

No. I.

SOLI.
Ky- ri- e Chris- te Ky- ri- e e- - lei- son.
Pater de cœlis Fili Redemptor mundi Spi- ri-tus sancte De- us.
Ky- ri- e Chris- te Ky- ri- e e- - lei- son.
e- - lei- son. e- - - lei- son. Ky- ri- e e- - lei- son.
De- us De- us
CHORUS.
e- - - - lei- - son. Chris- - te au- di nos. Chris- te ex- au- di nos.
miserere no- - bis. Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, mi- se- - re- - re no- - - bis.
e - - - lei- - son. Chris- - te au- di nos. Chris- te ex- au- di nos.
e- - - lei- - - son. Chris- - te au- di nos. Chris- te ex- au- di nos.

No. II.



No. III.

No. IV.

No. V.

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love;
By soft endearments in kind strife,
Lightening the load of daily life."

Christian Year.

THE result of the conversation we recorded in our last chapter was, that Mr. Raymond was persuaded into telling his wife that he thought it very strange in her to object to going to Hungerford Castle when she was asked to do so, seeing that not long ago she had persisted in going there contrary to his wishes. "I should like to go there very much, dear Stephen," Mrs. Raymond replied, "but under present circumstances I had better not."—"Oh! I know you can always find a reason for any thing you choose to do," Mr. Raymond replied, "therefore, it is useless for me to argue the point; but henceforward, pray do not make so many professions of being so anxious to anticipate my wishes. Just be candid, and straightforward, and say point blank, 'I choose to have my own way,' and the matter is at an end. I am no tyrant, Jane, and I do not desire slavish submission; but I must say, hypocrisy and affectation is more than I can bear!"—"My dear Stephen, I should tell a downright falsehood if I were to say I wished to have my own way," Jane answered gently. "It would be my spiritual destruction. Now do not be so hard and suspicious, but give me the same confidence you are so ready to bestow on others. I assure you from the bottom of my heart it would give me the greatest pleasure to do any thing you wish; but dear Stephen, do ask something else, for I know I *ought not* to go to Hungerford Castle."—"Oh no!" cried Mr. Raymond, with a look and tone of the most bitter scorn, "of course you *ought not!* Your vow of obedience was made to Mr. Temple, not to your husband! I have the honour to wish you good morning, Madam." And Mr. Raymond made an ironical bow down to the ground and stalked out of the room, slamming the door violently after him, before Jane could command her voice sufficiently to utter a word. She was exceedingly shocked and alarmed at this ebullition of passion in Mr. Raymond, for though she knew perfectly that he had long been secretly jealous of Mr. Temple's influence, yet the feeling had never before been openly displayed, and she had tried to put it aside and forget it, and had hoped that Mr. Temple's absence would put an end to the matter. But now the smouldering fire, whose smoke had hitherto been barely distinguishable, had burst into a volcanic eruption, and Jane was as much terrified for the consequences, as puzzled to think what fresh cause of offence Mr. Raymond could have received to produce this outbreak. Jane's early affection for her husband had been, in some measure, re-awakened by the circumstance of his showing her very great tenderness during a serious illness she had been attacked with, nearly two years back, and from the effects of which she had not long recovered. Her perceiving his jealousy of Mr. Temple's influence did not militate against her reviving affection, for few people are inclined to quarrel with jealousy in any one who is really attached to them, provided it does not become too troublesome, and Mr. Raymond's reserve and hauteur prevented him from making his very visible. There was not the shadow of a suspicion on Mr. Raymond's mind that he had any cause for ordinary jealousy. But that was very small comfort to him. The thing that had grated upon his feelings all his life through, was a suspicion that Jane looked down upon him, because he had neglected his education in his youth, and was as devoid of information as he was of brilliant talents. During that unhappy season in town, which, for a time, had worked a complete disunion between the husband and wife, Mr. Raymond had often abruptly left a party, because he could not endure to see his wife's attention rivetted on some highly gifted speaker, famed in the political or literary world, who might be pouring forth the diamonds and pearls of his eloquence, under the influence which a listener capable of appreciating such conversation never fails to exercise. We mentioned, when speaking of this period of Jane's life, Mr. Raymond's jealousy of a celebrated literary lady, with whom Jane formed a friendship, which she renounced in the hope of pleasing her husband, but in vain. However, in the course of years, as Jane gained self-control and judgment, and taught herself to expect less from her husband, and to be more cautious with regard to those about her, she unconsciously regained her former place in his heart. This was made manifest to her by his tenderness during her illness, and though it was not possible for *her* to become again what she had been in youth, and to feel a second time the romantic and enthusiastic affection she had once lavished upon him, still she was very grateful to him, and ardently desired to make him happy. It had been, therefore, a source of grief and anxiety to her, to perceive his growing coldness towards Mr. Temple and poor Ethel, which had latterly increased, till his dislike to both of them was evident to every one. Jane had sought by every means she could think of, to soften her husband's feelings towards them, but she perceived that she only made matters worse, and was, therefore, very glad when Mr. Temple resolved upon quitting Wilbury for some time, and nothing but a deep and painful sense of her responsibility with regard to Ethel, (on account of her being conscious that she had herself led her young relation into the path she had made such rapid progress in), nothing short of this feeling would have caused Mrs. Raymond to bring the incautious and impetuous Ethel to Wilbury Court during the period of Mrs. and Miss Darrel's visit. She had not yet seen much cause to repent running this risk, for Ethel was much more subdued than formerly, and had been very careful during this visit. Still Mrs. Raymond had often trembled at what she might say next, and was obliged to keep a strict watch over her. And now she feared that some imprudence of Ethel's might have raised the storm which had just burst, and she longed to go

and question her; but she feared being observed in secret communication with Ethel at this moment, and resolved to defer speaking to her till the next day. Her first duty she felt to be that of trying to soften her husband's anger by seeking to remove the false impression he was under. She spent a long time in a fruitless search for him about the grounds, having seen him crossing the park with his favourite dog, not attired for riding, and therefore probably wandering about on foot, as he often did when vexed. She found him at last, in a glen which skirted a wood beyond the park, amusing himself with the dog. Jane approached softly, and heard him say to the animal, "Certainly you are my most faithful friend! poor old Rollo." "I arrest you for high treason," cried Jane playfully, as she stepped forward and seized her husband's arm. "Your most faithful friend is not Rollo." Mr. Raymond started, and felt quite guilty. The next instant came indignation at Jane's assurance, and the mortification which proud and shy people feel on finding themselves in a strange position. "What folly!" he exclaimed pettishly, giving his arm a jerk which nearly threw Jane off. But she only clung the closer, and said, "It is of no use, Stephen, for you to try that plan. I mean to be equal to a spaniel and a walnut tree; so you may as well be kind to me at once, as wait to be starved out."—"This trifling is ill-timed, Mrs. Raymond," he answered, turning his head away as if to look at the dog. "This is all most absurd—most ridiculous!"—"I know it is, my dear Stephen," his wife answered. "It is an absurdity for two old married people like you and me, not to be well acquainted by this time, and to quarrel like a boy and girl about a mere fancy. Now listen to me, Stephen, and don't give all your attention to Rollo, or I shall be jealous. Tell me, did you ever find me guilty of telling an untruth?" Mr. Raymond made no answer, but looked very sullen. "Now you know you never did," Mrs. Raymond went on. "Whenever you think I am guilty of deception, you know perfectly that it is mere suspicion, and that you have no grounds for such suspicion. I ask you to believe me now, when I tell you, that I am quite ready to yield to your wishes, and to go to Hungerford next week, and that it will be a great treat for me to go."—"You don't say so?" cried Mr. Raymond, brightening up; then suddenly relapsing into gloom, he added, "But I have no wish to make you break your word. Promises, Mrs. Raymond, are more sacred in my eyes than in your's."—"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Raymond, "what promises are you talking of?"—"You know perfectly well what promise you will break if you go to the services at Hungerford Chapel, Mrs. Raymond, and I have no wish to induce you to heap falsehood on falsehood."—"Really Stephen, this is an extraordinary misunderstanding," said Mrs. Raymond, "and you are very unjust. I am under no promise to any one excepting yourself, and I cannot think what should make you imagine that I am."—"Do you mean to assert seriously," said Mr. Raymond, "that you have never promised Mr. Temple to avoid Hungerford Castle?"—"If I had been so wanting in judgment as to be willing to make any such promise," replied Mrs. Raymond, "I am very sure Mr. Temple would not have consented to receive it. What could have made you fancy this, dear Stephen"—"Oh, nothing particular," he answered, looking very much ashamed. "I believe, Jane, I ought to ask your pardon for judging you so hastily, and for being so rude altogether."

The result of this was a reconciliation, which made Mr. Raymond happier than he had been for many months, and was a great comfort to Jane. The mystification about the promise arose from an imprudent speech of Ethel's. When the question as to accepting Lady Hungerford's invitation was debated by the ladies, Ethel had said hastily to Mrs. Raymond, "I shall not break my word, I promised not to go there, and I will not, and I wonder *you* should venture." This, though uttered rapidly and in an under tone, did not escape Miss Darrel, who told her mother of it, and Mrs. Darrel did not fail to make good use of the idea which these unlucky words suggested, when she set to work to pique Mr. Raymond into determining to make Jane go to Hungerford.

Mrs. Raymond had given no promise of any kind, and Ethel's was volunteered by herself, not required by Mr. Temple. Mrs. Raymond did not say a word to Ethel of her change of plans. To tell the truth, she dreaded Ethel's reproaches, for she felt that she was sacrificing a principle for the sake of domestic peace, and she did not feel quite sure that she was acting consistently. It is a difficult thing to decide what is right when duties seem to clash. On such occasions what a comfort is a prudent director, and how many sleepless nights and anxious days does the Sacrament of Penance save Catholics! Things went on with unusual smoothness at Wilbury Court for the next two days. Mrs. and Miss Darrel were highly pleased at the success of their plan, and looking forward to their expected visit full of hope for the future. Mr. Raymond was in one of his most sunshiny humours—most attentive and kind to every one, even to Ethel. That young lady was entirely taken up with a drawing she was making of the interior of Wilbury church, which occupied her all day, and was the cause of her remaining in entire ignorance of the change of plans with regard to the visit to Hungerford, until the eve of the Purification. On that day Mrs. Darrel was sitting in the same fauteuil, in the same spot she had occupied when we first introduced her to the reader, but it was at a later hour, and she was more dressed than usual, there being a small dinner party at Wilbury Court. In a few minutes her solitude was broken in upon by Mr. Raymond's entrance, and shortly after her daughter made her appearance, and the conversation went briskly on, till Mr. Raymond looked at his watch, and expressed his surprise that Jane was not ready, her toilette usually being a rapid one. "She came in so late," said Mrs. Darrel, "she went down to church, and instead of coming back directly after service, she went through the village to see some of the people."—"Oh, Mamma!" cried Miss Darrel, clasping her hands, (which glittered with rings and bracelets), "I have something very amusing to tell you. Those grave religious ladies and gentlemen contrive to find time for their little sly flirtations

You must know that Stephen had a word to say to farmer Hawden, so before we went to Everton, we went to Mill Farm, and on the Silbridge road, lo! we met Mr. Albany and Miss Clara Merton in deep conversation, so wrapt up in it that our horses' heads were close to them before they perceived us. A pretty long walk they must have been taking together! Most strange behaviour n'est a pas? But that is not all. When we were going through the village we overtook them again, and there was such a pause at the gate, taking leave! and as soon as Miss Clara entered the rectory garden, Mr. Albany turned into the churchyard, and went to pay Miss Ethel Harding a visit, and compliment her on her drawing." Mrs. Darrel lifted her eyebrows and smiled, and her daughter continued: "But there is more to come. When we were coming home, we saw Ethel Harding and Mr. Albany in that narrow lane on the left-hand side of the road, near the lodge gate, and they were walking up and down in the mud and drizzling rain (and it was nearly dark too), so interested in their conversation that the young lady forgot it was nearly time for her to be dressing for dinner. What do you think of that?" A shade of displeasure clouded Mr. Raymond's brow, but he said nothing. Miss Darrel was not malicious, and she spoke from a thoughtless habit, more than from any wish to make mischief. Besides now that she had gained her point about going to Hungerford, she was in good humour with every body. She sought, therefore, to do away the impression she had created, by adding, "Well! I think it is a redeeming point in Ethel Harding and Miss Merton that they are, after all, like other young ladies, and have no objection to a little attention now and then. It is so unnatural to see girls like grandmammas."

But Mr. Raymond was not of that opinion, and his secret indignation at Ethel's sly coquetry remained as strong as ever. Had Miss Darrel known the subject of those conversations she would have been not a little surprised.

The truth of the whole matter was, that Miss Clara Merton had for some time past been in the same state of mind as Ethel, and had suddenly come to a resolution to join the Church without delay. She had, however, kept her opinions more to herself than Ethel had done, by her father's desire. She had for some time been engaged to a young clergyman, a fellow of —— college, resident at Oxford, and was now anxious to break off the engagement. This young man was Mr. Albany's particular friend, and he had just written to him, inclosing a letter for Miss Merton, which he begged him to deliver himself, and to follow it up by every argument he could think of, to induce her to pause and reconsider her resolution well, before making it public. The Miss Merton whom Ethel had met at Workingham, was related to these Mertons, and until her joining the Church, had been Clara's constant correspondent. Mr. Merton interdicted all communication between them on his niece's quitting the established Church. But Mr. Merton could not prevent the influence which one soul may exercise over another, through the blessed means of the communion of saints. Miss Merton did not fail to pray for her favourite cousin's conversion, and gradually her persevering prayers were answered. Slowly but steadily the light broke upon Clara's mind, and as months glided by, one prejudice after another was surmounted, and one new truth after another insensibly gained, as she followed the developement of Catholicism, which has germinated, sprung up, and borne blossoms of promise upon the sterile ground of the Establishment within the last few eventful years. But still Clara was not really a Catholic at heart, long after she had lost her confidence in the church of England. Reason was convinced, but her heart was not touched. She found it impossible to give a heart-felt assent to the two important doctrines of transubstantiation and the intercession of our Blessed Lady, much as she desired to do so, because convinced that the Church of Rome is the mother and mistress of churches. In her distress she wrote clandestinely to her cousin, who sent her a little treatise on the subjects in question by way of answer to her letter, but gave her no encouragement to write again, not wishing to work upon her feelings. But Miss Merton did not abandon her friend, though Clara accused her of coldness. Convinced that faith is a free gift from almighty God, and that without it argument is useless, she wrote to a nun in a foreign Franciscan convent, begging the prayers of the community for Clara. The religious sisters complied by saying the litany of Loretto in the choir, and for weeks after, some, moved by excessive charity, prayed privately before the blessed Sacrament and the image of the Madonna, that the English lady might believe the two consoling doctrines which were stumbling-blocks to her. In the space of a week Clara received in a manner she could not account for, a firm unhesitating faith in these doctrines. She attributed it to the arguments of the treatise her cousin had sent her, but still she thought it strange that it was not till some weeks after she first read it, that the arguments made any impression on her, and that they then flashed upon her mind suddenly and without a second reading. She knew nothing of the prayers of the holy religious, whose intercession had mounted on high, and had taken the kingdom of heaven by force! When Clara discovered that Ethel had seen her cousin at Mrs. Clonbrony's, she naturally treated her with confidence, and in a short time she told all her troubles to her new friend. Mr. Albany was aware of this, and there was nothing surprising in his wishing to speak on the subject to Ethel, and knowing Clara's high opinion of her, seeking to persuade her to second him in favour of his friend. But so far from his entering the church with the intention of mentioning the subject there, Mr. Albany had no idea Ethel was drawing in that spot when he entered. He went in, as was his custom when he passed through the churchyard, for private devotion, and knowing Ethel's views, he looked on her presence as no interruption, and he soon forgot she was in the church. As the time for evening prayers drew near, Ethel put up her drawing, went to her usual seat, and both knelt in prayer unconscious of the other's presence till the sexton arrived to ring the bell. Had Miss Darrel witnessed this scene, she would hardly have dared to profane it by the unhallowed name of a

flirtation! Alas, poor Miss Darrel! How great is the loss persons of her character suffer without being aware of it!

But to return to our narrative. Ethel heard the plans for the morrow at the dinner table, which prevented her making any remark upon the subject, but her eyes would have said enough to Mrs. Raymond, had that lady chosen to look at them. Mrs. Raymond took care to give Ethel no opportunity of speaking to her that night. The next morning, Mrs. Raymond did not make her appearance till breakfast-time, there being no early service at Wilbury church on festivals, as there was a full service at eleven. Hungerford Castle was eight miles distant, and they were to get there in time for High Mass. The carriage came round before breakfast was over, and thus Ethel had no opportunity for a tête-à-tête with Mrs. Raymond, and was obliged to concentrate all her indignation in a most dignified refusal to be of the party. After she had watched them depart, with a very heavy heart she proceeded to the vicarage, to assist the Misses Merton in decorating the altar with freshly gathered flowers (a custom Mr. Temple had introduced at Wilbury), and in marshalling the procession of school children, who, headed by Mr. Merton and Mr. Albany, were to walk up the churchyard and enter the church, chanting the twenty-fourth Psalm to one of the Gregorian tones.

When Ethel (after having done her share in joining in the chant, and the placing of the children), retired to her own corner, and knelt down, her spirits gave way, and her tears flowed throughout the service.

Bitter tears they were! Ah! how unlike that sweet flood which flowed from her eyes when she knelt in the church of St. Peter at Workingham! Mr. Merton not being well, Mr. Albany preached, and there was something very melancholy in the tone of his sermon. How should it be otherwise, seeing that his heart yearned to speak in warmer terms of that blessed Creature, whose visit to the temple gives the name to the festival they were celebrating, than the cold spirit of his church would allow! Ethel observed that Clara Merton kept her veil down, and her hand over her eyes throughout the sermon, and her trial was an additional source of grief to Ethel. Clara left the church with the non-communicants, which occasioned a burst of tears from her mother, though prepared beforehand to see her daughter take this step. Mr. Merton, who sat within the altar-rails, covered his face with his hand, and remained in that position till Mr. Albany entered, and the communion service proceeded. When Ethel knelt at the altar-rails, a dizziness and faintness came over her, which made her expect to fall backwards, but she made a violent effort to keep her place, and it passed.

When she returned to her seat, she tried to feel what is so touchingly expressed in those well-known lines in the Lyra Apostolica, beginning,

"Whene'er I seek the holy altar's rails," &c.

But it was in vain. An anxious wretched feeling had taken possession of her. The whole service seemed to her an unreal and empty ceremony, if not a profane mockery of the Church's most solemn rite. Depressed and worn out, she returned to Wilbury Court, and shutting herself up in her own room, she indulged in floods of tears. When she was tired of crying, she went out and took a long walk across a solitary heath, and returned home by the village, calling at some of the cottages, which filled up her day and restored her tranquillity.

The next morning she was able to go on with her drawing, and with the aid of a conversation with Mr. Albany she recovered her spirits, and the time passed so quickly away, that her solitude was far from wearisome. And here we must leave her awaiting the return of the party from Hungerford Castle.

(To be continued.)

"We have the following from an eye-witness. On the 14th of the present month, I set off about noon to walk from Louviers to Gallon. Having gone about half of the distance, I turned into a little wood to sit down and rest. In a few minutes I saw a priest slowly descending the mountain, reading as he walked. A man, very shabbily drest, and of a savage countenance, followed at the heels of the priest, and when they arrived at the deepest part of the valley, the fellow seized hold of him, saying, 'Your purse or your life.' The priest replied, with great coolness: 'My friend, you are unfortunate in choosing me, for you will have neither my purse nor my life;' at the same time grasping his antagonist, and laying him on the ground. The man cried loudly for mercy, and the priest, leaving his hold, benevolently extended his hand to raise him, saying: 'Stand up; and if it is want that has driven you to this ugly deed, take these twenty-five francs, and live henceforth an honourable man.' I found the priest was the pastor of Gallon."

"A singular occurrence amused the inhabitants of a village in the neighbourhood of St. Omers, a few days since. A Mr. D., an inhabitant of the village, had bought a large chest at a public sale, about a mile and a half distant. (These chests are in general use in all households in Belgium, and some parts of France, being very large strong boxes, shutting down with a lid, which locks, and when set up on end, are like an English closet with a door.) The second day after his purchase, Mr. D. harnessed his horse to his waggon, and set off himself to fetch home his handsome purchase, of whose extra large size he was not a little proud. Scarcely had he advanced on his way homeward, with his much-prized freight, when the wind arose, and a heavy shower of rain began to fall. All on a sudden an idea came into his head to shelter himself from the storm, which struck him as being so very ingenious, that he resolved to put it into execution. The coffer was standing on end, and fixing the reins to the side of the waggon, so as to have them near him in case of need, he placed himself within the opened coffer. He had not had many seconds in which to congratulate himself upon the success of his ingenuity, when a gust of wind shut the door violently, and locked it tight. He set to work, arms and legs, elbows and knees, to burst open the door, but his efforts only served to increase the misery of his situation. The coffer, thus attacked, lost its balance, and fell on its side. But the bitter cup of our hero was not yet quaffed to the dregs. Alarmed at the sudden noise which the coffer made by its fall, the horse set off at full gallop, which increased speed brought the coffer quickly to the end of the waggon, and thence toppled it off to the ground. There now lay cage and bird on the high road, and the terrified steed only gallopped the faster to reach a place of refuge in his stable. The arrival of car and steed, without a steersman, awakened a general alarm throughout the household of its missing master. Out ran his poor wife—out ran his servants. She, accompanied by one of the men, lost no time in taking the road she knew her husband had gone. Soon she heard a stifled cry, and looking towards the place whence it proceeded, she saw a great heavy article of cubic form spreading across the road. 'I am here in the coffer,' were the words that now met her ear; and being in an instant relieved of her fears, she burst into a loud fit of laughter, and setting to work, with the help of her servant, soon succeeded in delivering the prisoner—not, however, to be thanked for her kindness; for not a feature of her angry helpmate relaxed even to a smile. All he could say was, that he would break up with his own hands the unlucky coffer, whose giant size, which had tempted him to become its owner, had brought him into so laughable a situation."

THE LITTLE QUEEN.*

A LITTLE child—scarce eight years old—
And she was crowned a queen!
Oh, strange and scarcely to be told
Must her young thoughts have been;
For how should pomp, and storm, and strife,
And prideful discontent,
With childhood's soft and dreamy life
Be for an instant blent?

They took her from her mother's care,
They bore her o'er the sea,
And to the king of England fair
Wedded her solemnly.
Oh, much that mother's heart must miss,
At morn and evening hours,
Her little one's accustom'd kiss,
Dropping like dew on flowers.

Beneath grey Windsor's stately shade,
The aspect of her life
Seem'd a green, quiet, forest glade,
With songs and wood-flowers rife.
No cloud to mar, no grief to break
Its spell so sweet and deep;
'Twas like the picture on a lake
When breezes are asleep.

King Richard was a gentle king;
His visits came like those
Which the gay sunshine makes in spring
To rouse the slumbering rose.
Her childish tasks were flung away,
While, laughing at her glee,
The monarch mingled in her play,
And loved its liberty.

Or down some cool, dark avenue,
Hand clasping hand, they roam,
While in her gaze his fancy drew
Pictures of days to come;
Little reck'd she of crown or throne,
Of regal pomp and pride;
"Oh, would I were a woman grown,
To make *thee* blest!" she cried.

Ah, little knewest thou, gentle king,
Nor thou, fair infant queen,
The storms which coming days should bring
To mar so sweet a scene;
Rebellion fierce and tameless scorn
Wax'd rampant in the land,
Till sword and sceptre both were torn
From good King Richard's hand.

To Havering Bower the queen was brought,
Where, captive and subdued,
Too soon her childish heart was taught
The cares of womanhood.
The tempest of her sudden grief
Came like a frost in spring,
That withers every bud and leaf
Before its blossoming.

Sternly her sullen guards refuse
All tidings of her lord;
Her eager quest she oft renews,
But they answer not a word.
Strange fears upon her youthful breast
With dark forebodings fell;
But still his name in prayer she blest,
And still she loved him well.

At length, one summer's morn, 'tis said,
Forth journeying from her bower,
She met the rebel troop who led
Her monarch to the Tower;

O piteous meeting! Grave surprise
Check'd even the gaoler train,
When from that child's young earnest eyes
The tears brake forth like rain.

She spake not many words, but strove,
In broken phrase and brief,
Somewhat of comfort and of love
To mingle with his grief;
"God will protect thee in thy fall"
(Thus sobb'd the captive queen);
"Oh, father, mother, husband, all,
Thou unto me hast been!"

It is sad to see an infant fade
Beneath our very gaze,
As a lily in some poisonous shade
Droops, withers, and decays;
It is sad to see the eye's pure light
Grow fainter, day by day,
And the young, young life, so fresh and bright,
Ebb gradually away.

But sadder when the *heart's* young life
In the glory of its morn
Is dimm'd by grief, and marr'd by strife,
And stifled ere it dawn;
When childhood's hopes are changed to fears,
And childhood's mirth to gloom,
And life's great treasure-house of tears
Is open'd in life's bloom!

His crown, his hopes, his freedom gone,
King Richard pined away,
Till they slew him in his dungeon lone,
Like a lion brave at bay;
In vain his single strength he sets
'Gainst the rebel's leagued power,
Though the soul of the Plantagenets
Was strong in him that hour.

Long, long the false usurper tried,
With speech and promise fair,
To win his captive queen as bride
For Henry, England's heir.
Ever she answer'd steadfastly,
As one that shrank from strife,
"King Richard's widow will I die,
As I have lived his wife!

"Still are mine eyes with weeping dim;
And 'twere a fearful thing
That I would wed the son of him
Who slew my gentle king."
In woe her snowy hands she wrung,
And went to weep apart;
'Twas marvel that a child so young
Should be so true of heart.

Thus years all bootlessly were spent
In pleadings strong but vain;
Till, freed at last, the exile went
Back to her France again.
Oh, trust me, many tears she shed
As she forsook the land
Where the lord she loved so much lay dead,
Slain by a traitor's hand.

A place of grief had England been—
Of grief, and woe, and wrong,
Crushing the heart of that child-queen,
So desolate and young.
Yet firm was she, though wrath might burn,
And civil war rage wild.
Ah, let all men a lesson learn
From that fair, faithful child!

From Lays and Ballads by S. M.

* The Princess Isabelle of France, who was married to King Richard II. ere she had completed her ninth year. He was then about thirty years old.

There is nothing more shameful than to be useless to the world, to one's self, and to possess understanding only to make no use of it.

If every thing perishes with the body, what could have persuaded men of every age and every country that their soul was immortal?

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
3 8151 001 26636 7